

A Sailor's Sweetheart

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A Sailor's Sweetheart

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

OSBORN RENNIE LAMB



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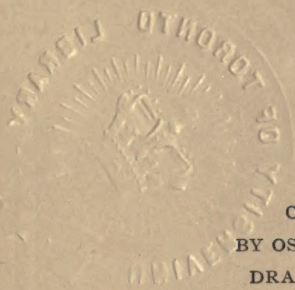
OF ALL THE STARS THAT SHINE ABOVE NO MAT-
TER WHERE WE ROAM, A SWEETHEART IS THE
BRIGHTEST ONE TO GUIDE A SAILOR HOME

PUBLISHED BY

THE AMES & ROLLINSON PRESS

NEW YORK

PS
3523
A425S3



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THE CHARACTERS.

SIR RICHARD CRUTHERS	. . .	<i>Basso</i>
JACK HURLEY, <i>his nephew</i>	. . .	<i>Tenor</i>
TOM BOWLINE	<i>Baritone</i>
MRS. ROY ROBERTS	<i>Contralto</i>
PHYLLIS ROBERTS, <i>her daughter</i>	. .	<i>Soprano</i>

"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART."

SCENE.

The well known tap room of The Green Dragon Inn. Plymouth, England. The scene shows an old-fashioned public house. The back flat is the harbor with its shipping—on L. is painted a hill with a semaphore which may be seen through the tavern door. A door R. enters the hotel. A door L. the bedroom of Phyllis. The door L. back is the entrance and exit to the Street. A large casement window (with leaded glass) occupies the back of the room and looks out upon the street. In front of this window are many flower pots filled with pretty flowers in bloom. The taps and pumps are at R. of this window, and an oaken table and three sturdy chairs stand directly in front of the pumps, leaving ample room to pass to the exit R. A side-board of oak with pewter mugs, china dishes, etc., occupies the R. wall, with space to pass between it and the table. A large old-fashioned fireplace occupies the L. wall, before which stand two Colonial chairs. Over the mantel of fire-place are many clay pipes, arranged in various designs. A fire is glowing on the hearth, over which hangs the hot water kettle. Sunshine, streams through the casement windows and the rippling water of the harbor indicates an early summer morning.

TIME.

Reign of George III., during the war with the Colonies. 1779. Ten a. m. in the morning. Summertime. The Curtain is preceded by Overture.

SCENE I.

[*As the Curtain ascends to the strains of a nautical melody, PHYLLIS runs to the large casement window and looks searchingly out on the harbor. PHYLLIS is a pretty maiden, about twenty years of age. She wears an attractive costume of the period. As the music is concluding, the booming of cannons is heard in the distance. At this PHYLLIS becomes greatly elated and sings.*]

MUSICAL NO. 1. SOPRANO SOLO.

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit.*]

At last ! at last !! the fleet is putting in the bay,
My dear boy Jack is homeward bound
My lover comes to-day.

I.

A brave and handsome fellow he,
My joy, my love, my pride,
And when he comes a-courting me,
'Tis Heaven by his side,
He loves me dearly that I know,
Though long he's been away,
But now at last he's homeward bound,
My Jack will come to-day.

II.

A year ago he said farewell,
To fight for cause and King,
He kissed me oft, and gave me this,
A little golden ring,
Then said that e'er a year would pass,
He'd wed me for alway.
So now he's homeward bound at last,
My Jack will come to-day.

III.

Oh! bless the winds that wafted him,
Across the mighty main,
Oh! bless you, Jack, for coming back,
To love me once again,
I've been so lonely since you left,
But now I'm bright and gay,
For you are coming back to me,
My Jack, you'll come to-day.

SCENE II.

Enter MRS. ROBERTS from R.

[She is a woman of about forty-five years of age, strong and energetic, yet kindly and attractive. Her hair is slightly tinged with grey. She is attired in a brown dress, cut according to the fashion, over which she wears a large white apron with straps over the shoulders. Upon her head she wears the typical cap of the barmaids. MRS. ROBERTS coming from the North of England is permitted to use the expressions lad or laddie, and lass. The use of the Yorkshire dialect is desirable in this character, but it must not be overdone, else the audience will not understand what she says.]

MRS. ROBERTS.

[She observes PHYLLIS.] Ah! Phyllis—Lor' bless ye, lass, what makes ye so happy this mornin'.

PHYLLIS.

[She takes her mother to the casement.] Look, mother, see the fleet is putting in the bay—my Jack is there—my darling Jack is coming back to me—Oh, I'm so happy.—I'm so very happy.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Sadly.*] Ah, lass, yer foolish about that lad. Don't put too much faith in sailors.

PHYLLIS.

Oh, mother!!

MRS. ROBERTS.

Nay, lass, I know them better than you do. Sailors have sweethearts in every port.

PHYLLIS.

Ah! but Jack's not that sort, mother. Jack's true as steel. See, he gave me this ring before he sailed away.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Aye—but when will he marry ye?

PHYLLIS.

[*Surprised.*] Now—at once. [*She hesitates.*] Within a fortnight if I wish.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Shakes her head sadly.*] Nay—not when he learns that he's a pauper.

PHYLLIS.

[*Incredulously.*] Ha, ha, ha, Jack Hurley a pauper? Why, mother, you know he's heir to Brenton Manor, one of the prettiest estates in Yorkshire.

MRS. ROBERTS.

I know that,—but what's the use of the title if the estate must be sold to pay his father's debts?

PHYLLIS.

[*Dumbfounded.*] Brenton Manor to be sold?

MRS. ROBERTS.

Aye, lass, to-morrow.

PHYLLIS.

How did you learn this, mother?

MRS. ROBERTS.

From a friend in Yorkshire.

PHYLLIS.

[*Surprised.*] Why didn't you tell me this before?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Sadly.*] I hadn't the heart, child,—I hadn't the heart to do it. Now 'tis best that you should know the truth.

PHYLLIS.

[*Dazed.*] Yes—yes——

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Advances and puts her arms lovingly around PHYLLIS.*] What will Jack say when he learns the truth?

PHYLLIS.

Say! Say! [*Brushing away her tears.*] Oh, you know what he will say—you know Jack.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Well? What will he say?

PHYLLIS.

[*Desperately, imitating her lover.*] He'll say—Phyllis, my sweetheart, I haven't a copper in the world, but I love you—will you be my wife?

MRS. ROBERTS.

Then what will you say?

PHYLLIS.

[*With enthusiasm.*] I'll say, Jack—"I love you better than life"—"I'm as poor as you are—but I'll marry you and make you happy."

MRS. ROBERTS.

You'll say that?

PHYLLIS.

[*Firmly.*] Yes!

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Kissing Phyllis.*] Then, God bless you, lass,—I'll help you all I can. Now run away, and change your dress, I'll do the work to-day.

[*She now busies herself about the room and sings.* PHYLLIS enters room R.]

MUSICAL NO. 2.

CONTRALTO SOLO.

I.

'Twas not so many years ago,
When I, like Phyllis, had a beau,
A handsome gentleman was he,
And oft he came a-courting me.

II.

His name was Roy Plantaganet,
His father was a baronet,
And when the hounds began to bay,
He'd mount his horse and ride away.

III.

O'er hill and dale and moor and fen,
They'd run their quarry to his den,

A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

And then they'd gather in the hall,
With Lords and Ladies—lovers all.

IV.

Among the throng, my Roy was there,
No Lord could be more debonnaire,
He passed the wine, and led in song,
And helped the merriment along.

V.

But though of ladies fair he knew,
A score or more from every town,
I was the only one he loved,
Though beauty was my sole renown.

VI.

He bid me be his wife and wed
And secretly we ran away,
For we were young and foolish then,
And love cannot withstand delay.

VII.

The Baronet, when he was told,
His son had wed a country maid,
Swore he would never see him more,
And called his Roy a renegade.

VIII.

Then Roy the proud and haughty lad,
Ran off and sailed away to sea,
And since that day we think him dead,
And that is why—And that is why—
He comes no more a-courting me.

SCENE III.

Re-enter PHYLLIS.

[*She is now attired in a Dolly Varden dress of silk brocade and has discarded her apron and bonnet. She advances toward* MRS. ROBERTS, *who turns and regards her with pride.*]

MRS. ROBERTS.

Ah! lass ma bonnie lass. You're a sweetheart worthy of a king.

PHYLLIS.

[*Coquettishly.*] It's a pretty dress mother, is it not?—

MRS. ROBERTS.

Aye, that it is—'Twas once my wedding gown.

PHYLLIS.

[*Proudly.*] Then it shall be mine, too—for I'm a sailor's sweetheart, you know. And sailors always like pretty things.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Lor', bless ye lass, that they do, and the lad that marries you will get the sweetest and prettiest girl in all England.

PHYLLIS.

Oh! there are others as pretty as I.—[*She hesitates.*] and some of them are rich, whilst I am poor.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Knowingly.*] Who knows but that you, too, may be rich some day?

PHYLLIS.

[*Incredulously.*] Ha, ha, ha,—I rich?—No, that is not likely.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Stranger things than that have happened!

PHYLLIS.

Ha, ha, ha,—No, no.

[*Then she sings gaily the old ballad, without accompaniment.*]

My face is my fortune, sir, she said,

Sir, she said—sir, she said,—

My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Ah! Phyllis, yer a merry lass,—yer the sunshine of my heart. It'll be a sorry day for me when yer marry and go away.

PHYLLIS.

[*Embracing her mother.*] I'll never leave you, mother. If Jack marries me he must promise to live here with us.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Half aside.*] That'll not suit his lordship. [*Aloud.*] Well, we shall see. [*She goes to door R.*] I wonder if he likes a chicken pot pie as well as he used to.

PHYLLIS.

Oh, you know Jack,—he's a sailor——

MRS. ROBERTS.

Ha, ha, ha, Aye! I know the straightest road to a sailor's heart is through his stomach. So don't let him go, Phyllis, till he's had a bit of my pasty.

PHYLLIS.

He'll not need coaxing, I promise you, mother.

[*Exit* MRS. ROBERTS. *She enters room R.*]

SCENE IV.

[*JACK HURLEY is heard singing off scene.*]

Of all the stars that shine above,
No matter where we roam,
A sweetheart is the brightest one,
To guide a sailor home,
Then loose all sail, before the gale,
Ye Jackies of the main,
For we are homeward bound at last
To greet our loves again.

Enter JACK.

[*As JACK is singing the last two lines he comes in hurriedly through the door (at back) and runs up to PHYLLIS and takes her in his arms. JACK is attired in the uniform of the period 1779. After he has kissed PHYLLIS several times she releases herself from his embrace and says.*]

PHYLLIS.

[*With emotion.*] Ah! my Jack—my darling Jack!!
You've come back to me at last.

JACK.

Yes, sweetheart.

PHYLLIS.

Oh, promise me you'll never leave me again. I've been so lonely since you left—the days have seemed like years.—

JACK.

[*Buoyantly.*] There, there, brush away those tears. I'll never leave again.

PHYLLIS.

Never again?

JACK.

No, never, never again—Why should I. I've everything to keep me at home now.

PHYLLIS.

Yes?

JACK.

First, there's you. Then there's Brenton Manor,—and then there's a nice income coming to me from my father's estate. Why should I go to sea again?—God knows I'm a thousand times better off here.

PHYLLIS.

[*Aside.*] Poor fellow, he doesn't know the truth.

JACK.

Besides, when a man marries he should stay at home and take care of his wife.

PHYLLIS.

[*Diffidently.*] But suppose—

JACK.

Suppose what?

PHYLLIS.

Suppose you were poor instead of rich, would you marry then?—

JACK.

[*Bluntly.*] But why discuss such a question—I've

more than enough to build a little home and make you happy, and that's all we want.

PHYLLIS.

[*Vaguely.*] Yes, of course. [*Desperately, aside.*] No, I cannot tell him, someone else must do that.

JACK.

What did you say, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS.

[*Evasively.*] I was wondering what sort of a home you would build, Jack.

JACK.

Listen and I'll tell you.

[*He leads her tenderly to the casement window and points out.*]

MUSICAL NO. 3.

LOVE DUO.

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

Lo! see on yonder bow reclining,
A robin red-breast builds her nest,
So we, when in our years declining,
Shall have a home in which to rest.
We'll build about a little bower,
O'ergrown with roses all in bloom,
The Jessamine and every flower,
Shall fill the air with their perfume.

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit.*]

How fair—How fair—[*Repeating.*]
"Shall fill the air with their perfume."

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

Within a sward of softest emerald,
Shall greet thy tiny little feet,
A table spread with choicest viands,
Will make our happiness complete,
The bees shall bring their sweetest honey,
The birds will sing their fairest lay,
Nor shall we e'er have need of money,
If I but guard thy love alway.

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit.*]

Aye! aye! my love thou'lt guard alway,
How fair the picture—[*Pause.*]
Cease not I pray——

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

And there we'll live in simple splendor,
And thou alone shalt reign supreme,
I'll sing thee songs of love so tender,
And there we'll live and love and dream.

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit. Softly.*]

We'll live, and love, and dream,
[*Singing aside, her eyelids closed.*]

Is this a dream? Or is it love?

This tremor now that's o'er me stealing?

[*Pause, then suddenly in ecstasy.*]

'Tis Love!!—'Tis Love!!

Oh, gentle Eros—god of Love—to thee I pray—
Take not this happiness away,
Take not this happiness away.

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

Phyllis—Sweetheart—She dreams.

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit. Repeating.*]

Take not this happiness away,

Take not this happiness away.

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

Sweetheart, awake!—Love's dawn is breaking.

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit. Softly.*]

Take not this happiness away.

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

Awake! Sweetheart, awake, my love,

For with this kiss I thee betroth,

Awake! Sweetheart, awake.

[*He kisses her tenderly on the lips. Then half dreaming, half awake, she walks slowly to centre stage and stands transfixed there during the introduction to duo.—Then as if inspired, she sings the aria herewith.*]

[PHYLLIS sings.]

ARIA.

Waltz tempo.

I live, I love, I dream no more,

My sorrows all forsaking,

O, Love, O, Love, with thee I soar,

Thy happiness partaking,

With thee I fly, to realms on high,
 Where harm nor fate can sever,
 The joys divine, that now entwine,
 Our plighted love forever.

[*She repeats refrain.*]

[*The Cathedral Chimes are heard off scene.*]

JACK.

[*Recit.*]

Hark! hark!! the sweet Cathedral chimes
 Upon the breezes swelling.

[*Chimes here.*]

PHYLLIS.

[*Recit.*]

Ring forth ye bells, ye merry bells,
 Our happiness foretelling.

JACK and PHYLLIS.

Our happiness foretelling.

[*Chimes here.*]

GRAND REFRAIN.

PART I.

JACK AND PHYLLIS.

Let us live and love forever,
 Life is fleeting as the day,
 Let not time nor fate dissever,
 Happiness shall last away,
 We are young and time is fleeting,
 Drink we then of love's full store,
 Life and happiness completing,
 Live we, Love we, evermore.

PART II.

We live, we love, we dream no more,
Our sorrows all forsaking,
O, Love, O, Love, with thee we soar,
Thy happiness partaking,
With thee we fly to realms on high,
Where harm nor fate can sever,
The joys divine, that now entwine
Our plighted love forever.

SCENE V.

Re-enter MRS. ROBERTS *from R.*

[*As she advances she observes PHYLLIS and JACK and says.*]

MRS. ROBERTS.

Ah! Mr. Hurley, I'm glad to see you back again.

JACK.

[*With his arm around PHYLLIS.*] You see, I've come to claim my sweetheart.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Advancing.*] Well, I'll say this, Mr. Hurley, there's no man I'd rather see have my Phyllis than you.

JACK.

Ah. I knew you were my friend.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Aye, that I am. And now I'll prove it to you. [*Coyly.*] Do you like chicken pasty as well as you used to?

JACK.

Do I like chicken pasty?—ha, ha, ha, Well, try me.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Then come along with me, sir. [*She takes him by the arm and leads him off R. As she is going she says to PHYLLIS.*] Phyllis, mind the place, lass, until Mr. Hurley has had his fill.

[PHYLLIS assents.]

[*Exeunt* MRS. ROBERTS and JACK, R.)

SCENE VI.

Enter TOM BOWLINE.

[PHYLLIS is busily occupied arranging the china on the side-board, when a bo'swain whistle is heard off scene. She turns and sees TOM BOWLINE peeping in the street door. He is a typical sailor of the period and being an Irishman speaks with a strong brogue. Seeing that he has been observed by PHYLLIS, he opens the door and comes in, bowing and holding his hat in his hand.]

TOM BOWLINE.

Beggin' your pardon, miss, is this the Grain Dragon?

PHYLLIS.

[*Regarding him suspiciously*]. Yes.

TOM BOWLINE.

Will, Oi'm lookin' fer a shipmate o' mine as tuk Frinch lave.

PHYLLIS.

Took French leave? What's that?

TOM BOWLINE.

Run away.

PHYLLIS.

Then you are looking for a deserter?

TOM BOWLINE.

Not eggsactly—Oim looking fer a young blaguard of a midshipman, as kum ashore without the Captain's permission.

PHYLLIS.

What ship are you from?

TOM BOWLINE.

Oim off His Majesty's Ship Shannon.

PHYLLIS.

[*Gives a convulsive start. Aside.*] Jack's ship!
[*Aloud.*] What was the midshipman's name?

TOM BOWLINE.

Jack Hurley, Miss.

PHYLLIS.

What would you do with him if you caught him?

TOM BOWLINE.

Put these irons on him [*Showing hand cuffs*] and take him aboard.

PHYLLIS.

Then what would the Captain do?

TOM BOWLINE.

Bedad he'd take it out of him. He'd putt 'im in the 'old and fade him on brread and watter fer a week.

PHYLLIS.

Oh, that would be shameful!

TOM BOWLINE.

Ah, devil a bit—these young bantams must learn to obey orders.

PHYLLIS.

Well, you see he's not here, Mister Bowline.

[*She walks over toward the sideboard.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

Oh! I kin see that plain enuf, but I thought ye might be knowin' where he wuz?

PHYLLIS.

[*Hotly.*] Well, if I did I wouldn't tell you. No, I wouldn't peach on a sailor for all the world.

TOM BOWLINE.

Ye wuddent?

PHYLLIS.

[*Firmly.*] No!

TOM BOWLINE.

Begob, I loike ye fer that.

PHYLLIS.

I'm glad you like me, Mr. Bowline.

TOM BOWLINE.

Tom Bowline, ef ye please.

PHYLLIS.

[*Aside.*] I wish he would go. [*Aloud.*] Well, Tom, you won't be finding your middy if you linger around here.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Looks slyly at the decanters on the sideboard.*] I wuz thinkin', Miss, a drop o' grog wud steady me nerves.

PHYLLIS.

[*Goes to the sideboard, gets a decanter and a glass—and serves Tom a fair bumper.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

Ah! h! h!—That's the woine to warrum the cockles of yer heart.

PHYLLIS.

You don't get grog like that in the navy.

TOM BOWLINE.

'Dade we don't. [*Regarding her slyly over his glass.*] Just a wee drappy more?

PHYLLIS.

[*Regards him reprovingly, but pours out an-*

other glass, which TOM drinks with great pleasure.]

TOM BOWLINE.

[Warmed by the liquor now becomes communicative, and regarding her slyly, says.] Sure, yer a trim craft, ma colleen an' yer under full sail to-day.

PHYLLIS.

[Courtesying.] It's a pretty dress, isn't it?

TOM BOWLINE.

[Proudly.] Oil take me oath ye've got a lover.

PHYLLIS.

[With affected confidence.] Well, Tom, I wouldn't deceive you—I have.

TOM BOWLINE.

May I be axin' his name, Miss?

PHYLLIS.

Ha, ha, ha,—Oh! you may ask all you like, but I sha'n't tell you. *[Pause.]* He's a sailor, though.

TOM BOWLINE.

Bedad, Oi'd bet me life on that. *[Pause.]* Phwat's your name?

PHYLLIS.

My name is Phyllis—Phyllis Roberts.

TOM BOWLINE.

Yer not a Devonshire gurrul?

PHYLLIS.

No, we came from Yorkshire.

TOM BOWLINE.

Wuz yer fader's name Robert Plantaganet Fitzroy—

PHYLLIS.

No, 'twas just plain Roy Roberts—He ran away to sea when I was a baby, and we're never—seen him since. We think him dead.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Aside.*] Twenty year ago Oi had a mess mate by the name of Robert Fitz-roy— [*Scratching his chin, aside.*] Roy Roberts? [*Pause.*] Robert Fitz-roy—their much the same—I wonder if this be his darter?

PHYLLIS.

What did you say?

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Evasively.*] Oi wuz sayin', Miss, 'tis a funny wur-ruld we're livin' in.

PHYLLIS.

Oh! I think it's a beautiful world.

TOM BOWLINE.

An' so it is, Miss.

[*He starts toward the door, but turns and looks slyly at Phyllis.*]

PHYLLIS.

[*Knowingly.*] No, no, 'Tom—you had best be off.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Pleading.*] Ah! just wan drap more fer Auld Lang Syne.

PHYLLIS.

[*Hesitating.*] Well, then, for Auld Lang Syne.

[*She hands Tom the decanter.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

[Fills a brimming bumper, seeing which PHYLLIS quickly takes the decanter away from him. For an instant he regards the glass, then says, half aside.] Shiver me timbers, but that's a hooker. *[He drinks.]* Oi kin feel that in the tips o' me toes. *[More elated.]* Kin ye sing, Miss?

PHYLLIS.

[Assents.]

TOM BOWLINE.

An' dance the hornpipe?

PHYLLIS.

[Assents.]

TOM BOWLINE.

Then, ho, for Bonnie Breast Knots.

PHYLLIS.

No, no, Tom, you must be off or you'll be getting in trouble.

TOM BOWLINE.

Ah! just a bit of the ditty fust.

PHYLLIS.

Well, will you promise to go, then?

TOM BOWLINE.

[Firmly.] Yis, Oi will.

PHYLLIS.

Well, then, ho for "Bonnie Breast Knots."

MUSICAL NO. IV.

DUO.

TOM BOWLINE.

Ye ho—ye ho—ye ho, ye ho, ye ho.

PHYLLIS.

Ye ho—ye ho—ye ho, ye ho, ye ho.

TOGETHER.

Ye ho—ye ho—ye ho.

[*They then sing the well known ballade "Bonnie Breast Knots."*]

PHYLLIS AND TOM.

Refrain.

Hey the bonnie, Ho the bonnie,

Hey the bonnie breast knots.

Blithe and merry were the a',

When they put on their breast kno's.

I.

There was a bridal in our town,

And to't the lasses a' were boun',

Wi' monnie facings on their gowns,

And some o' them had breast knots.

Refrain.

Singing, Hey the bonnie, etc.

II.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,

Some clad in blue and some in green,

Wi' shining buckles 'i' their sheen

And flowers on their waistcoats.

Refrain.

Singing, Hey the bonnie, etc.

III.

Out cam' the wives a' wi' applause,
And wished the lassies happy days,
And muckle thought they on her claes,
Especially the breast knots.

Refrain.

Singing, Hey the bonnie, etc.

IV.

The bride she was baith young and fair,
Her neck outshone the pearlin rare,
A satin snood bound up her hair,
And flowers 'mong her breast knots.

Refrain.

Singing, Hey the bonnie, etc.

V.

The bridegroom gazed—but mair I ween,
He prized the glance o' love's blue 'een,
That made him proud o' his swee Jean,
When she got on her breast knots.

Refrain.

Singing, Hey the bonnie, etc.

[*At the conclusion of the ballad, they dance a sailor's hornpipe. During the dance TOM becomes more and more unsteady until finally he stumbles up against the door at back, which he opens in order to catch a breath of fresh air.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

Moi, moi, moi, but it's warrum. [*He braces himself against the door.*] Sure me pins be gettin' wake. [*Regarding PHYLLIS with pride.*] Ha, you're a good sort, you are. Will, O'd best be gettin' under weigh or me middy'll be givin' me the schlip. Good mornin', Miss.

PHYLLIS.

Call again, will you?

TOM BOWLINE.

Sure that Oi will. [*He stops and doffs his hat to her.*] An' ef ever yer in trouble an' wants a frin', call on Tom Bowline. [*He goes out.*]

PHYLLIS.

Good bye, Tom.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Off scene.*] Good day, Miss.

PHYLLIS.

[*Aside, relieved.*] Thank God, he's gone!

[*Exit TOM BOWLINE. He passes unsteadily down the street in front of casement window.*]

SCENE VII.

Re-enter JACK.

[*As he comes out of the door R. PHYLLIS advances and says earnestly.*]

PHYLLIS.

Jack. Tom Bowline has just been here looking for you.

JACK.

[*Surprised.*] What did he want of me?

PHYLLIS.

[*Earnestly.*] He came to arrest you.

JACK.

Arrest me for what?

PHYLLIS.

For coming ashore without the captain's permission.

JACK.

[*Much relieved.*] Oh!

PHYLLIS.

Ah, Jack, why did you take such a chance as that?

JACK.

Phyllis, when a man's in love he'll take any chance in the world.

PHYLLIS.

[*Reprovingly.*] You should not have done that for me—

JACK.

I couldn't wait—when I heard that we would not be given leave until to-morrow—I couldn't stand it—and seeing a bum-boat alongside I dropped into it and bribed the man to row me ashore. I didn't think they'd miss me for an hour or so. [*Pause.*] Now, I suppose, they'll scour the town until they run me down.

PHYLLIS.

Well, what will you do?

JACK.

Stay here—

PHYLLIS.

And then?

JACK.

Then I'll take my medicine like a man—Ha, ha, ha—bread and water for a week.

PHYLLIS.

Oh, that will be disgraceful.

JACK.

Well, I won't be the first midshipman that's been put in the hold for the same thing.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Calling off scene.*] Phyllis!

PHYLLIS.

[*Motions to Jack to be silent. Quietly.*] I'm very angry with you, Jack. [*She goes out door R.*]

SCENE VIII.

[JACK crosses to L., seats himself in one of the easy chairs before the fireplace, wondering how his escapade will end. When the street door at back opens and enter SIR RICHARD CRUTHERS. He is a typical old English squire, about sixty years of age robust, corpulent and gouty. He walks with a heavy cane, which he continually strikes upon the floor as he impatiently struts up and down waiting for some one to come. Jack arises and they confront each other. Both are greatly surprised at the unexpected meeting.]

JACK.

[*Aside, arises in surprise and says.*] Blast my eyes, it's my uncle, Sir Richard Cruthers.

SIR RICHARD.

God, bless me. Is it you, Jack?

JACK.

Yes, uncle—home at last—Egad! you are the picture of health, sir!

SIR RICHARD.

I'm in fine fettle, me boy, an' if it werrn't for a twinge of the gout now and then I'd be as spry as you buckies. Where's your captain? I was told I'd likely find him here.

JACK.

He's not come ashore yet, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

Why the devil are you here, then?

JACK.

I'm ashore on important business, sir. [*Aside.*]
That's no lie.

SIR RICHARD.

Ah! I see. Well, Jack, it's fortunate I've met you, for I, too, have some important business to speak to you about.

JACK.

Indeed, sir—

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, as executor of your father's estate, it is my duty to give you an accounting.

JACK.

That's very good of you, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

When you joined the fleet, the indebtedness of the estate was unknown to me, but since then I have learned that the debts will amount to an enormous sum.

JACK.

[*Uneasily.*] I trust we shall be able to pay them all.

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, Jack, but Brenton Manor will have to be sold to do it.

JACK.

[*Surprised.*] You don't mean that, sir?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, it's the only asset of real value left.

JACK.

Is there no way to save the old home—Oh, surely there must be.

SIR RICHARD.

None that I know of. The creditors are pressing us, and you know I have not the means to help you.

JACK.

Yes, yes.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Sadly.*] To-morrow the old home must be sold at auction.

JACK.

[*Walks up and down half dazed, then stops suddenly and laughs bitterly.*] Ha, ha, ha, Brenton Manor under the hammer. This is a sad awakening.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Kindly.*] I know it is, lad.

JACK.

I thought I might have enough left to keep the old home, but if that goes I am practically a pauper.

SIR RICHARD.

That's the condition of affairs I'm sorry to say. Perhaps I should have broken it to you more gently,—but you know me, Jack,—I'm blunt and honest.

JACK.

Oh! I'm not blaming you, sir. I'm sure you've done the best you could.

SIR RICHARD.

That I have, my boy.

JACK.

It's a bitter pill just the same.

SIR RICHARD.

I know that, my lad—but it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. [*He slaps Jack on the shoulder.*] What would you say if I were to discover a way for you not only to repair your fortune, but become the possessor of one of the finest estates in England?

JACK.

I should say you were crazy, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

Egad! I wouldn't blame ye. Ha, ha, ha. [*Seriously.*] But suppose it were possible?

JACK.

Then I would say you were the best friend I have in the world.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, sir, it is possible.

JACK.

I presume there would be some conditions attached to such an arrangement?

SIR RICHARD.

Of course! Of course!

JACK.

Would it be necessary for me to give up my career in the Navy?

SIR RICHARD.

That would be as the lady may wish.

JACK.

You have never mentioned any lady in the matter, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

Haven't I?

JACK.

No, sir. Am I to marry in the bargain?

SIR RICHARD.

Of course, you scamp. How else do you suppose you are to become the possessor of a fine estate.

JACK.

Then I am sorry I shall have to disappoint you.

SIR RICHARD.

Now, see here, Jack; I shall lose all patience with you. First, you are all condescension and gratitude. Then you resent the opportunity I offer you. May I ask why you refuse my suggestion?

JACK.

For the best reason in the world, sir—my heart is given to another.

SIR RICHARD.

A lady of quality, I suppose?

JACK.

No, a country girl.

SIR RICHARD.

Has she any money?

JACK.

Not a copper!

SIR RICHARD.

I thought as much.

JACK.

But I wouldn't give her for the richest heiress in the land.

SIR RICHARD.

No? [*Strutting up and down.*] What's her name?

JACK.

[*Guardedly.*] I'll tell you that when you tell me the name of your charmer.

SIR RICHARD.

I'll bet my life yours is a barmaid.

JACK.

I'll bet yours is an old frump and a hump back and a hooked nose.

SIR RICHARD.

None of your insolence, sir. None of your insolence. Egad! if she were hump-backed, hook-noosed and cock-eyed, she'd be too good for a scamp like you.

JACK.

Ha, ha, ha!

SIR RICHARD.

Do you suppose a fine estate is going to drop plump into your lap, like an apple from a tree?

JACK.

No, but I demand the right to choose my own wife.

SIR RICHARD.

There you go again. There you go. Hot and hasty. Just as though beggars could be choosers.

JACK.

Well, this beggar proposes to do his own choosing, I promise you.

SIR RICHARD.

All right, you fool, choose a pretty face and lose Kensmaire Castle.

JACK.

[*Amazed.*] Kensmaire Castle—So that's the estate you had in view?

SIR RICHARD.

[*Somewhat embarrassed.*] Yes.

JACK.

Ha, ha, ha—Why, uncle, you are “batty in your bun.”

SIR RICHARD.

What do you mean by that, sir?

JACK.

You're as crazy as a loon.

SIR RICHARD.

Am I? Am I?

JACK.

You know perfectly well the Earl of Kensmaire died intestate. .

SIR RICHARD.

I don't know where he died.

JACK.

I said he died intestate—died without an heir.

SIR RICHARD.

Oh!

JACK.

That's why the estate has been in the courts so long.

SIR RICHARD.

Nobody dies without an heir, you fool.

JACK.

Well, they haven't found an heir yet?

SIR RICHARD.

No, but I've learned that the Earl had a daughter.

JACK.

Have you found her yet?

SIR RICHARD.

No, but I will—

JACK.

Well, if you do—you'll do more than the lawyers have done these many years.

SIR RICHARD.

Come, my bucky, will you marry her if I find her?

JACK.

Ha. ha, ha, you'll never find her.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, will you marry her if I do?

JACK.

Yes, for I'm sure you are on a wild goose chase.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, my boy, I'll hold you to your word. And I'll find her if I have to search all England.

JACK.

Ha, ha, ha. That's right, uncle, never say die. Oh, I'll marry her if she's as homely as a hedge fence—

SIR RICHARD.

Egad! if she is, I'll have the laugh on you, Jack—ha, ha, ha. I'll have the laugh on you.

JACK.

Well, if you don't find her I'll have the laugh on you, sir—ha, ha, ha! [*He chances to look out the casement window and stops laughing suddenly. Aside.*] Tom Bowline, as sure as I'm a haddock. He's got me this time.

SIR RICHARD.

What are you looking at out there?

JACK.

[*Decoying his uncle to the window.*] See the flag-ship is signaling. [*His uncle looks intently out. Pause. He now leaves his uncle, goes to the street door, partly opens it, stands irresolute a moment, then turns and sees the door L. open leading into the bed room of PHYLLIS and says, aside.*] No, Tom Bowline, this is the time I'll give you the slip.

[*He slams the door shut and runs into the bed room L., closing the door noiselessly after him.*]

SIR RICHARD.

[*Now turns under the impression that Jack has passed into the street. Aside.*] Their signals are all Greek to me.

[*He then passes to centre stage with his back to the door.*]

SCENE IX.

Re-enter TOM BOWLINE.

[*TOM comes past the casement window, opens the door and peeps in. He is greatly surprised at seeing SIR RICHARD alone. After a moment's hesitation, he enters and closes the door. At this instant SIR RICHARD turns and sees him. Tom instantly doffs his hat.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Politely.*] Axin' yer pardon, governor. Is Midshipman Hurley hereabouts?

SIR RICHARD.

He went out this instant.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Dumbly.*] Out where?

SIR RICHARD.

Out the door there. [*Pointing to the street door.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Aside.*] Thin Oi must be blind.

SIR RICHARD.

He's probably out there now.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Opens the street door and looks up and down, comes back and says.*] He's not there, sor.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, if my nephew is not there I don't know where he is.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Aside.*] He's gi' me the schlip. [*Looking at door*
L. Aloud.] So Midshipman Hurley is your nephew,
sor?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, what do you want with him?

TOM BOWLINE.

Oi have a message for him from our captain.

[*Puts his hand in his jacket pocket and feels for
the hand cuffs.*]

SIR RICHARD.

[*Advances and looks in Tom's face.*] It seems to me
I've seen you before, my man. What is your name?

TOM BOWLINE.

Tom Bowline, sor.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Reflecting.*] Were you ever employed by the old
Earl of Kensmaire?

TOM BOWLINE.

I was, sor, whin a boy—an' whin his son runned
away to sea, I tuk ship wid 'im.

SIR RICHARD.

Good. How long ago was that?

TOM BOWLINE.

Nigh twenty year ago this spring.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Drawing a miniature from his pocket.*] Do you
recognize his portrait?

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Looking intently at it.*] Bedad that's him. Oh, moi, but he wuz a handsome boy.

SIR RICHARD.

Indeed he was. [*Showing the back of miniature.*] Can you read the inscription.

TOM BOWLINE.

Not very well, sor.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Reading.*] To my loving wife, Mary. [*Pause.*] June the sixteenth, 1759—Robert Plantaganet Fitzroy.

TOM BOWLINE.

That must a bin when he was married.

SIR RICHARD.

Then you knew he was married?

TOM BOWLINE.

Sure, he towld me hisself he wuz married secretly.

SIR RICHARD.

Did you know he had a daughter?

TOM BOWLINE.

He towld me he had a baby gurrul at 'ome, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

When did he tell you that?

TOM BOWLINE.

Just afore he died in Kingston, Jamaiky.

SIR RICHARD.

Then you were with him when he died?

TOM BOWLINE.

Oi wuz.

SIR RICHARD.

Did he leave any letters or trinkets with you?

TOM BOWLINE.

He left some old letters.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Greatly excited.*] Great Heavens, man, why didn't you tell me this before?

TOM BOWLINE.

Ye wuddent gi' me a chance.

SIR RICHARD.

Have you those letters?

TOM BOWLINE.

They bees in me chist, aboard the Shannon.

SIR RICHARD.

Get them at once, my man. They'll give us a clue to his wife and daughter. [*Tom hesitates.*] Well! Why don't you go?

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Resolutely.*] Oi'll not go wi'out me middy.

SIR RICHARD.

Tell your Captain I'll be responsible for him.

TOM BOWLINE.

Yer will?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, tell him Sir Richard Cruthers stands sponsor for his nephew.

TOM BOWLINE.

So you bees Sir Richard Cruthers?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes.

TOM BOWLINE.

Thin mebbe yer knows me Captain. Cap'n Hawtree 'ees of the gentry.

SIR RICHARD.

Ha, ha, ha, I should say I did. We went to school together—but never mind about that. [*Impatiently.*] Hurry—hurry. Get those papers and we'll find the heir to Kensmaire Castle. Go—go!

[*He pushes TOM out of the door.*]

SCENE X.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Greatly elated—aside.*] Gad! if I get the evidence now—I'll have the laugh on Jack. Then I'll make him dance to my tune. Ha, ha, ha. Hot and hasty and a bit of the devil is Jack. [*Sighing.*] Ah! well, I shouldn't say much, for I was a bit of a devil myself when I was young.

MUSICAL NO. 5.

BARITONE SOLO.

Refrain.

Oh, give me back those youthful days,
Those days so blythe and gay,
When free from care, I loved to roam,
And while the hours away.
'Twas then my heart was touched by love,
And life had just begun,
Then give me back those days of yore,
Whilst still my heart is young.

I.

When I was young and in my teens,
I loved to go a-hunting,
And o'er the hills and dales I rode,
Upon my Baby Bunting.
They called me Dick the devil then,
No hedge nor ditch could stay me,
For over all I flew with ease,
Upon my little Baby.

Refrain.

Oh, give me back those youthful days, etc.

II.

As I grew up to be a man,
My tastes were less for sporting.
I sought the maids within my shire.
And then began my courting.
'Twas then that I forgot my mare,
My dashing little Baby.
For I had found a country lass,
And she became my lady.

Refrain.

Oh, give me back those youthful days, etc.

III.

Though now we sit at home, at ease,
Our faithful vows renewing.
We long for those delightful days,
When we were both a-wooing,
Time tinges all, my hair is gray,
The years are fast retreating,
Yet I am happy still alway,
For light my heart is beating.

Refrain.

Oh, give me back those youthful days, etc.

[*At the conclusion of the ballad SIR RICHARD looks out of the casement window and says excitedly.*]

SIR RICHARD.

[*Aside.*] Ah! here comes my man at last. [*He comes down.*] Now for the truth.

SCENE XI.

Re-enter TOM BOWLINE.

[*TOM rushes past the casement window and comes in through the street door. As he does so he doffs his hat to SIR RICHARD and hands him a packet of papers.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Catching his breath.*] 'Ere they are, guvenor—'ere they are.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Excitedly.*] Good, my man,—that was quick work. [*He hurriedly scans the packet.*] They are all addressed in the same hand writing.

TOM BOWLINE.

They are from his wife, sor.

SIR RICHARD.

Hold, but here's one addressed to Mary Roberts.

TOM BOWLINE.

He guv me that afore he died, and I've kept it these many years, hopin' I might find her.

SIR RICHARD.

Of course, of course. Well, Tom, the information we want is in that letter. Shall we open it?

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Amazed.*] Lor', sor, I wuddent dare.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Hesitates.*] I think we are justified. [*He breaks the seal.*] Ah! as I expected, addressed to his dear wife, Mary. [*Pause.*] Mary Roberts is his wife, that's clear. [*Reading rapidly.*] And here you see he mentions his daughter Phyllis. [*Greatly excited.*] But

look, man; look—he signs himself Robert Plantaganet Fitzroy, son of the Earl of Kensmaire. If you can swear to that writing 'twill be the best proof in the world.

TOM BOWLINE.

Oi can, sor. I saw him write that letter wid his own hands.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Joyfully.*] Ha, ha, ha. Then we have the proof.

TOM BOWLINE.

Oi'm glad o' that, sor.

SIR RICHARD.

Now, where is Mary Roberts and her daughter, Phyllis?

TOM BOWLINE.

Here, sor.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Amazed.*] Are you crazy?

TOM BOWLINE.

Devil a bit. Sure, 'tis Mary Roberts as runs this Grain Dragon, an' she has a darter Phyllis. I think they'll be the parties yer be lookin' for.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, we'll soon find out. Call Mrs. Roberts, will you?

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Goes to the door R., raps, at which MRS. ROBERTS appears.*]

SCENE XII.

Re-enter MRS. ROBERTS.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Bowing.*] Beggin' yer pardon [*Bowing*], Sir Richard Cruthers be callin' on ye, ma'm.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Advances toward* SIR RICHARD, *but with some apprehension, aside.*] Sir Richard Cruthers?

SIR RICHARD.

[*Noting her embarrassment, says kindly.*] I am very glad to meet you, Mrs. Roberts. I see you are from the North country like myself.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Nods in assent.*]

SIR RICHARD.

You married the son of my old friend, the Earl of Kensmaire—Robert Fitzroy, did you not?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Stands silent, not knowing what to answer.*]

SIR RICHARD.

[*In a kindly manner.*] Come, come, my good woman, have no fear, I am your friend. You are the legal wife of Robert Plantaganet Fitzroy, are you not?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Silently assents.*]

SIR RICHARD.

You have a daughter Phyllis?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Assents.*]

SIR RICHARD.

Do you know that your daughter is the heir to Kensmaire Castle.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Sadly.*] Yes.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Amazed.*] You knew it, then?

MRS. ROBERTS.

Yes.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, why have you kept this secret so many years—and hidden yourself here under the name of Roberts?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Gathering courage.*] Because the old Earl was very bitter toward us and we swore never to touch a penny of his money. That is why Roy changed his name and ran away to sea.

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, yes; I can understand that, but your daughter? You have a right to consider her.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Proudly.*] We are not paupers, sir!

SIR RICHARD.

[*Coming to the point.*] May I see your daughter?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Assents. She goes to the door R. and calls.*] Phyllis! [*Returning, she says to SIR RICHARD.*] She's a bonnie lass, sir.

SCENE XIII.

Re-enter PHYLLIS.

[*She comes out gaily singing "My face is my fortune, etc.," but stops suddenly when she sees SIR RICHARD and TOM B.*]

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Goes to her and says.*] Phyllis, this is Sir Richard Cruthers. [*Leading her to SIR RICHARD, she says.*] This is my daughter, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Delighted.*] Ah! she is a bonnie lass, indeed. [*To PHYLLIS.*] I have some good news for you, my lass.

PHYLLIS.

For me?

SIR RICHARD.

You are heiress of Kensmaire Castle.

PHYLLIS.

I?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, your father was the only son of the old Earl, and as both your father and the Earl are dead, you are the direct descendent and therefore inherit the estate.

PHYLLIS.

[*Surprised.*] I? [*Then, laughing incredulously.*] Ha, ha, ha. I?

SIR RICHARD.

'Tis true, ask your mother.

PHYLLIS.

[*Looks toward her mother, who assents.*] Then I'm really an heiress?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, and if you refuse the honor, the estate will go to the crown.

TOM BOWLINE.

Bedad, that would be a crime.

PHYLLIS.

[*Gaily.*] Refuse to be mistress of Kensmaire Castle? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha. Never, never, never!

SIR RICHARD.

I am very glad. [*To MRS. ROBERTS.*] You see, your daughter has accepted. Forget the affront of the old Earl. Come, help make your daughter Lady Fitzroy.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Though moved by the appeal, hesitates.*]

PHYLLIS.

[*Seeing her mother hesitate, runs and throws her arms around her neck, saying.*] Mother! Mother!! You'll never have to work any more; you shall have a maid to wait upon you, a dozen flunkies to do your bidding—a coach and four with postillions in livery—you shall wear silks and satins and be presented at court, everybody shall bow and say my lady—think what that means, mother; think what that means?

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Quietly.*] Aye! aye! my lass, I know what these things mean; they are empty baubles; they come too late for me. But you, my bonnie lass, you who are in the hey-dey of youth, ye shall drink of them to your fill.
[*She kisses her tenderly.*]

PHYLLIS.

Ah! now Jack and I shall be married?

MRS. ROBERTS.

Aye, lass.

PHYLLIS.

Ah, mother; now I'm happy! happy!! happy!!!
[*Releasing her mother and throwing her arms up in ecstasy.*] I'm so happy.

SIR RICHARD.

[*To MRS. ROBERTS.*] Has your daughter a lover?

MRS. ROBERTS.

Yes, she's about to marry Midshipman Hurley, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

God, bless me; you don't mean Jack Hurley?

MRS. ROBERTS.

Yes, Master Jack Hurley.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Amazed.*] Why, he's my nephew. Well, well, well
—I'm dumbfounded.

TOM BOWLINE.

Sure, it's miracles as bees happenin' these days.

SIR RICHARD.

Egad! it's nothing short of a miracle.

PHYLLIS.

I hope you won't object, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

Object? Ha, ha, ha. Not I; he's found the very girl I had picked out for him, although I never knew her. [*To TOM B.*] Shall we tell her the joke?

TOM BOWLINE.

No, not yet, sor—we must take it out of Master Jack first.

SIR RICHARD.

[*To TOM.*] Aye, this is the time we'll have the laugh on Jack. Ha, ha, ha!

TOM BOWLINE.

[*To SIR RICHARD.*] Bedad, we'll make him dance a hornpipe before he gets her.

SIR RICHARD.

Aye, that we will. [*To PHYLLIS.*] Well, if you are going to marry my nephew, I suppose you won't object to sealing the bargain with a kiss.

PHYLLIS.

No, for I like you, sir. [*She comes over and embraces him.*]

SIR RICHARD.

[*Patting PHYLLIS on the head.*] You're a prize, my lass. I'm proud of my Jack for having picked you out.

MRS. ROBERTS.

Will yer Lordship have a glass of grog?

SIR RICHARD.

[*Gayly.*] Aye! that we will; we'll drink the health of Lady Phyllis Fitzroy and Sir John Hurley.

SCENE XIV.

[MRS. ROBERTS fills the glasses and hands them to PHYLLIS, who politely passes one to SIR RICHARD and the other one to TOM.]

MUSICAL NO. 6.

QUARTET.

SIR RICHARD.

[Takes the glass of grog, raises it high and sings.]

[Recit.]

Fill up, fill up,—a brimming bumper

Now we'll all enjoy.

A health to you, good madame—

[Bowing to MRS. ROBERTS.]

And unto you, fair Lady Fitzroy.

[Bows to PHYLLIS.]

TOM BOWLINE.

[Recit.]

Long life to ye, ma colleen,

[He bows to PHYLLIS.]

I'm Tom, yer frind, ye see.

These papers 'ere I've brought ye,

Prove yer identity.

[He takes the letters from SIR RICHARD and hands them to PHYLLIS.]

MRS. ROBERTS.

[Recit.] Oh! thank you, sir.

PHYLLIS.

[Recit. Courtesying.] Oh! thank you, Tom.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[Recit.] For this proud moment I have waited long.

*Refrain.**[All sing.]*

Fill up! fill up!! drain the glass dry,
'Tis a fortunate day that we all should enjoy,
Then here's to the health of our Lady Fitzroy,
To our Lady—To our Lady!

I.

TOM BOWLINE.

[Solo.]

The Frenchman prefers his red wine,
That induces to song and to wooing,
The German, more steadfast, inclines
To his beer, which he ever is brewing.
The Dutchman, who once ruled the sea,
Loves his pipe and his schnapps so inviting,
But the sailors of England agree,
'Tis the grog that they want when they're fighting.

Refrain.

Fill up, fill up, etc.

II.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[Solo.]

The brew of old England is beer,
The wine of the Scotchman is whiskey,
But there's nothing that gives half the cheer,
As a glass of good grog—though it's risky.
Then remember old Admiral Drake,
Who when told that his rum was enticing,
Replied that he didn't much care,
If he got quite enough to his liking.

Refrain.

Fill up, fill up, etc.

III.

PHYLLIS.

[*Solo.*]

The test of a true heart of oak,
Is to fight for his King and the Nation,
And the sailor who all find a joke,
Is the one who ashore owns creation.
This wight with his swagger and roll,
Who forever his love is declaring,
Will be sure to be found in the hold,
When for battle the fleet is preparing.

Refrain.

Fill up, fill up, etc.

IV.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Solo.*]

The landsmen know little of sea,
Or the dangers encounter in fighting,
And the sailor who roams o'er the lea,
Finds the toil of the landsman affrighting,
But when both are gathered around
The table where laughter is veering
They admit, by common consent,
That grog is the liquor most cheering.

Refrain.

Fill up, fill up, etc.

[*As the quartet concludes JACK is heard singing
off scene.*]

JACK.

[*Solo.*]

Of all the stars that shine above,
No matter where we roam,
A sweetheart is the brightest one,
To guide a sailor home,
Then loose all sail before the gale,
Ye Jackies of the main,
For we are homeward bound at last,
To greet our loves again.

SIR RICHARD.

[*He approaches MRS. ROBERTS and PHYLLIS. R.*]

I beg you let me have a word alone with Jack,
For Tom and I have something now to say.

MRS. ROBERTS.

[*Assents knowingly.*]

PHYLLIS.

But let him not be taken from me now,

[*Pleading.*]

Ah! take him not away. Ah! take him not away.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Spoken kindly.*] Fear not. I am your friend.

[*Exit MRS. ROBERTS and PHYLLIS. SIR RICHARD passes to the door R. and holds it open for them to enter. They go in.*]

[*The instant SIR RICHARD closes the door R. he goes over to TOM, who is centre stage and says rapidly.*]

• SIR RICHARD.

Now for your middy Tom—we'll pay him back in full
before he gets the girl.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Exultantly.*] Aye! that we will, sor.

SCENE XV.

Re-enter JACK.

[*JACK enters on the instant, humming the last few bars of his refrain. TOM, who has passed to the left of the street door, is therefore hidden from JACK as he comes in, the door opening inward.*]

[*Gayly.*] Well, uncle, I hope you are in better spirits than when I left you.

SIR RICHARD.

Aye! that I am, my lad. Ha, ha, ha. Look at me.

[*He takes JACK by both shoulders and looks him square in the face.*]

JACK.

[*Gravely.*] You certainly are in a good humor, sir.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*Comes over and touches JACK on the arm and at the same time shakes the hand cuffs in his pocket.*]

SIR RICHARD.

[*Observing TOM beside JACK, discreetly crosses to the fireplace and takes up a clay pipe which he leisurely fills with tobacco during the conversation between TOM B. and JACK.*]

JACK.

[*Turns suddenly and sees TOM and says with affected composure.*] Well, Tom?

TOM BOWLINE.

Oi've me orders to bring ye aboard, sor. [*Then condescendingly.*] Oi 'opes yer'll be comin' genteel loike, else Oi'll have ye putt the irons on ye.

JACK.

You'll not need the irons for me, Tom. [*Looking him square in the face.*] Oh, I'll take my medicine.

[*Pause.*] But I can't go yet—not just yet.

[*He walks to the door R., opens it, but seeing no one closes it and returns to TOM B. centre stage.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

Sure, the Captain'll not be waitin' very long fer ye, sor. Ye knows Cap'n Hawtree?

JACK.

[*Attempting to laugh.*] Oh, yes, I know him. Tom, excuses won't do with him.

TOM BOWLINE.

'Dade they won't, sor. [*He walks up closer to JACK and whispers in his ear.*] Don't ye think the governor there [*Nodding toward SIR RICHARD*] culd putt in a good wurrud wi' the capt'n fer ye?

JACK.

[*To TOM.*] I'll try him. [*He walks over to SIR RICHARD and says.*] Uncle! [*SIR RICHARD turns.*] Uncle, I'm in a bit of a scrape, I wonder if you won't help me out.

SIR RICHARD.

[*With affected ignorance.*] How much will it cost me this time?

JACK.

Oh, it's not a question of money, I assure you, sir. It's your influence I need this time.

SIR RICHARD.

Indeed?

JACK.

[*Bluntly.*] The truth is, sir, I've come ashore without leave.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Gravely.*] I suspected as much, when you told me you were in love with a country girl.

JACK.

[*Hangs his head in disgrace and then looks up slyly at his uncle.*] Well, uncle, you shouldn't forget that you were young once.

SIR RICHARD.

Egad! I don't, Jack, and I'll do what I can to square you with my old friend Hawtree, but——

JACK.

[*Delighted.*] You will, sir?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes.

JACK.

[*Grabs his uncle's hand and shakes it warmly.*] Gad, but you're a trump, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Reprovingly.*] But it's time these escapades ceased. A while ago you promised me that if I could find the heiress of Kensmaire Castle you would marry her.

JACK.

[*Somewhat taken aback.*] I did, sir.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Exultantly.*] Well, Jack, my boy, we've found her.

JACK.

[*Dumbfounded.*] I can't believe it.

SIR RICHARD.

'Tis true. [*Pause.*] Ask Tom.

JACK.

[*Turns and looks enquiringly at Tom B.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

'Tis true, Master Hurley. [*Whispering in his ear.*]
An' she's a beauty.

JACK.

[*Desperately.*] Oh, God, was ever man placed in a more horrible position. [*Aside.*] I love Phyllis and yet I have given my word of honor to marry another.

MUSICAL NO. 7.

TENOR SOLO.

I.

I knew not what my fate would be,
When to my uncle carelessly,
My honored word I gave so free,
That I his choice would marry.
Now to my sorrow and despair,
He's found the heiress of Kensmaire,
And as she is both rich and fair,
He will not let me tarry.

II.

But I, alas, a maiden love,
As fair as any turtle dove,
That wings the lofty heavens above,
Upon its way rejoicing.
And she loves me I know full well,
For oft within a lowland dell,
The old, old tale we'd often tell,
Our love forever voicing.

III.

But now, alas! I am forlorn,
And wish that I had ne'er been born,
Ah! why from love must I be torn,
Though high may be my station.
Yet rank hath no delights for me,
Who like a bird must e'er be free,
Ah! who would give his liberty,
For wealth of all creation.

Refrain.

Oh! sorrow rends my heart in twain to-day,
For 'tween my honor and my love I'm torn,
If from my Phyllis I should go away,
I'd curse the day that I was ever born.
Oh! pity me, all ye whose hearts are true,
What would you do if such your lot should be?
I cannot bid my faithful love adieu,
Ah! pity me. Ah! pity, pity, me—

SIR RICHARD.

Well, Jack, are you ready to wed the girl of my choice?

JACK.

[*Desperately.*] No, no, I can't, I can't.

SIR RICHARD.

She's rich and beautiful, and she'll be the means of saving Brenton Manor.

JACK.

[*Dramatically.*] I can't do it, uncle; I love my little Phyllis and I wouldn't give her up for the wealth of the Indies.

[*At this instant PHYLLIS is heard singing off scene L.*]

PHYLLIS.

Oh! bless the winds that wafted you,
Across the mighty main,
Oh! bless you, Jack, for coming back,
To love me once again.
I was so lonely when you left,
But now I'm bright and gay,
For you have come to me at last,
My Jack, you've come to-day.

SCENE XVI.

[*As the song is concluding TOM B. comes up alongside of JACK and says.*]

TOM BOWLINE.

[*To JACK.*] 'Tis she!

JACK.

[*Fails to understand and exclaims.*] 'Tis Phyllis.

[*PHYLLIS comes running out at this instant and JACK takes her in his arms.*]

JACK.

Ah, Phyllis, my sweetheart.

SIR RICHARD.

[*Comes up and puts his arm on JACK's shoulder.*]
Jack, you hold the heiress of Kensmaire in your arms.

JACK.

[*Dumbly.*] I?

SIR RICHARD.

Yes, your sweetheart is Lady Fitzroy.

JACK.

[*Amazed.*] Phyllis, is it true?

PHYLLIS.

Yes, Jack. [*Pause.*] Will you love me just as much now that I am rich?

JACK.

Rich or poor, I shall never love anyone else. Ha, ha, ha. I never suspected that you were an heiress when I asked you to be my wife.

[*MRS. ROBERTS has come out during the above conversation, and advanced to the right of the lovers—she says.*]

MRS. ROBERTS.

Aye! Mister Hurley, that's the very reason why you deserve her now.

TOM BOWLINE.

[*To JACK.*] Oi towld ye she were a beauty.

JACK.

She's a sailor's sweetheart, Tom. The fairest and sweetest in all England.

PHYLLIS.

[*Coyly.*] Are you happy now, Jack?

JACK.

[*Embracing her.*] Phyllis, I'm the happiest man in the world.

MUSICAL NO. 8.

GRAND REFRAIN.

Oh! happiness!—Oh, happiness!!

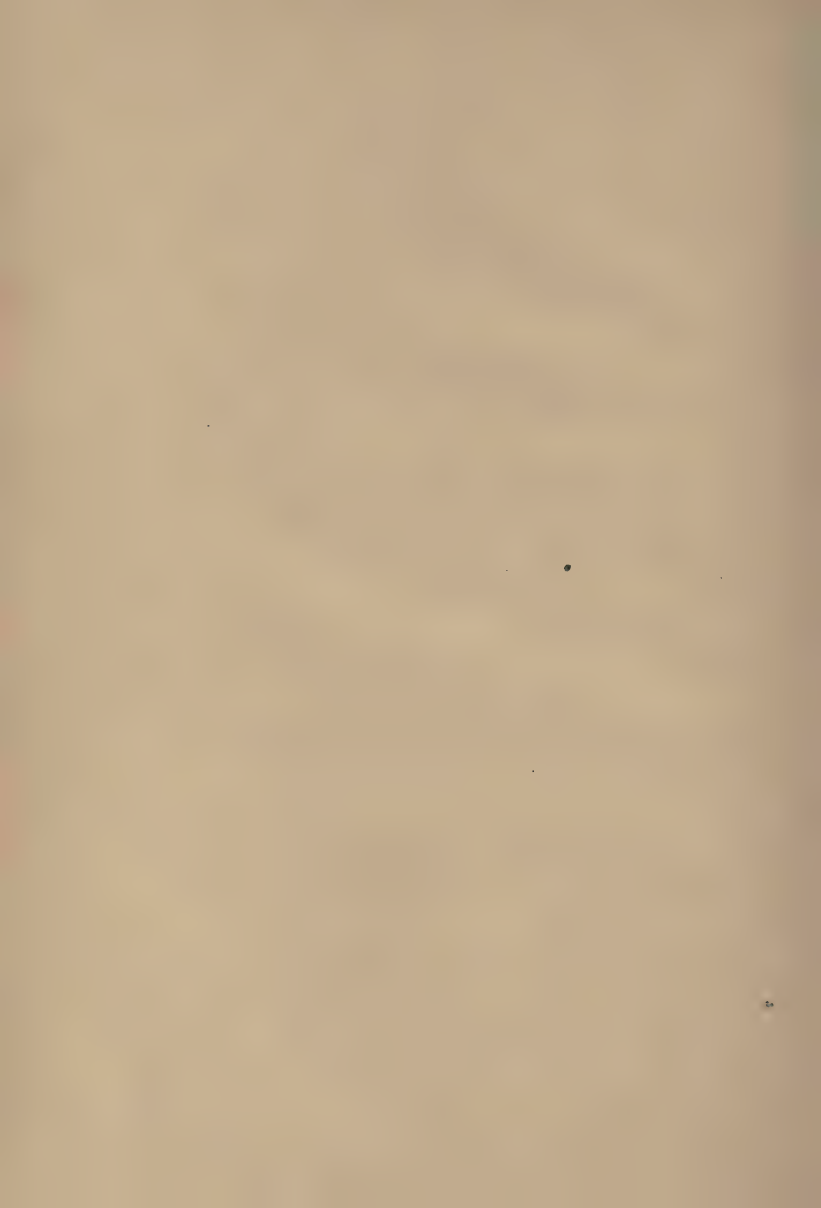
The young and old forever greet thy reign,
Thy smile hath turned our sorrows into joy,
And bid us all be merry once again.

The sailor's sweetheart is his guiding star,
That leads him e'er rejoicing on his way,
And love will bring him safely o'er the bar
Where happiness shall be his lot for aye.

Oh, happiness!—Oh, happiness!!

The young and old forever greet thy reign,
Thy smile hath turned our sorrows into joy,
And bid us all be merry once again.

CURTAIN.



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Lamb, Osborn Rennie
A sailor's sweetheart

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